

keeping him from "blood guiltiness" and from avenging himself with his own hand. He left the matter with God, and notice how God disposed of it. "And it came to pass, about ten days after, that the Lord smote Nabal, that he died." Then observe these significant words: "When David heard that Nabal was dead he said, Blessed be the Lord that hath pleaded the cause of my reproach from the hand of Nabal and hath kept his servant from evil: and the evil doing of Nabal hath the Lord returned upon his own head." It is well for us, when we are tempted to mete out punishment to those who have wickedly injured us, to recall the final disposal of the man who causelessly mistreated David. Leave the matter with God. He will deal justly with our foes.

The Mission Field

Washington, D. C.

Since my last communication have held meetings at Sunnyside, Maryland, and Greenland, W. Virginia, one week at each point; four additions by baptism, two by relation from G. B's. It is my hearts desire to attend our National Conference, but at present the prospect is not bright at all. Heretofore have always been able to get special clerical rates on both roads west of Pittsburg. Just learned this forenoon that neither will grant anything of the kind this year. Fear it is now too late to make other arrangements. Have not been well for several days. Trust that the conference will be a grand success.

W. M. LYON.

Chicago Mission

For some time I have neglected my letter writing especially the one to the EVANGELIST. I have had the pleasure of getting out of the noisy city for a few days, where it was quiet; fresh air, and pleasant; and visited friends and relatives in Polo, Lanark and Milledgeville, Ill. We not only enjoyed the change, but feel greatly benefited and refreshed by it. On our return to the city my sister Miss Bertha Freas returned home to Independence, Kans. It is needless to say we miss her and her labor in the work here.

Sister Meling's family also returned home. This sister had not been out of the city for over 18 years. With poor health and a big family she needed fresh air and quiet. The Sister's Society at Milledgeville, Ill., received her and four children into their homes, giving her joy and pleasure she so much needed. Her eldest daughter, Miss Etta was welcomed at the home of Sister Sadie Herrington, of Lanark, Ill. They all are thankful for their acquaintance, kindness and hospitality. The mother said to me the other day, "could any one help but love them, they were all so good to us."

Sister Hall and little daughter came home Saturday evening after a visit of two months. Her health is better and we are glad to have her home again. Others have not yet returned and some have just gone away. We

shall be happy to have them all home and in their places once more.

SAVED THEIR PENNIES

Little Gertie and Herald Sheller, of Lanark, opened their "mission bank" while I was there and joyously presented me with its contents, 50 cents, for the mission. Ray and Roy Rodabaugh of Williamstown, Ohio, have been doing the same and each sent us 25 cents also. Johnny and Eddie Knauck of Garrison, Iowa, sent us 20 cents for the children's fund. These are only their last offerings and, too, they say they intend keeping them up. Others have done the same. Can not more, even older ones, keep a mission bank for their pennies? Oh, how blessed that their little hearts and minds are reaching out, so far out, to help the little sufferers and to aid in soul winning.

COMPANY

We have two friends across the way from us (mother and daughter). They have a great deal of company this summer and when time for services, the company is kindly invited to go to the mission. Just saw the mother and said, "I expect more company today and we will be over Wednesday night." How much soul winning could be done if every body would do the same.

During the hot weather people think it too warm to go to church and would rather enjoy the parks, lounge around elsewhere and fill the beer gardens. But they cannot feed their souls with proper food that way nor in these places.

Just before church tonight I was making a few calls, going along, I saw a man propped up against a tree at the edge of the sidewalk, a pail of beer beside him. He looked wretched, beer his god. I visited a family on my way home. A sad story to tell me. The cry, "no work," a large family, one little boy and girl works and sustains the family. But they do not trust God fully, and stay away from church service, excusing themselves, "my clothes are too bad." God does not care about the clothes, it is the heart and life. Oh, for a pure heart and clean life, giving God what we owe him, our life, our all.

MRS. SADIE GIBBONS.

Sisters' Society C. E.

How She Saved Him

Youth's Companion.

In "The Making of Dick," published in the *Union Signal* for October 28, 1898, a lady relates a striking, true story of the self-sacrifice of a school-teacher in an Atlantic fishing village many years ago.

"Miss Mary" was the first woman teacher to "keep winter school" in the town, and the rough, older boys expected to make naught of her authority. The worst of them was Dick Devine, about seventeen years old.

But altho she was consumptive and weak and small, her moral strength was marvelous. On the first day of school she talked to her pupils and won them. She even awoke in Dick Devine a throb of manly ambition to

overcome the curse that seemed to be in his blood. His father, grandfather and great-grand-father had all died drunkards, and Dick himself had sprees.

Altho Dick from the beginning treated Miss Mary with great deference, it was long before he would admit there might be any escape from the fate of his race.

"If my folks had made any show of fighting the drink devil generations ago," he said, "it might not have grown so strong. But it's no use now. We're a doomed lot. We're all sturdy enough till we get to be about twenty-five years old; then we go all to pieces. I'm sorry you feel so bad about it, Miss Mary."

"Richard," said the resolute woman, "you were made in the image of God, and have responsibilities of your own. This ruin must stop, and *you can stop it!* You have in you the doing of grand things. You are worth too much to waste."

Under her influence he strove against the appetite, but unfortunately Miss Mary soon had a hemorrhage and went home. The seaport people believed they had bidden her farewell forever.

But three years later she was back in the school again. Dick Devine was no longer a pupil, but he had never lost the memory of her interest in him. He had struggled terribly at times, for her sake, but his defeats were many, for he was still under his family curse. The brave woman's soul was enlisted afresh in his welfare.

At last, recovering from a debauch, the young fisherman in mad despair went out to drown himself. This was on a night when Miss Mary, unaccountably wakeful, had walked down to the shore. She probably saw a human form far out wading into deeper water, and she may have surmised it to be Devine.

Accustomed to ply the oars in her stronger days, she untied one of the moored boats and pulled toward the vanishing figure, altho she had been warned that violent exertion might kill her. Her last talk with Dick had given her reason to fear that he might commit suicide.

The dark form plunged out of sight, but she redoubled her efforts to reach the spot, and presently she saw the young man's head.

"Richard! Is that you?" she screamed.

That cry pierced the ear of the desperate youth, and with reawakened love of life he caught hold of the boat.

Whether she helped him into the boat, or how he reached the land, he never knew. When he came to himself he was lying on the beach, alone.

The next day Miss Mary's body drifted ashore. It appears probable that her exertions had brought on a hemorrhage after she had rowed Dick ashore, that she died near him, and had been swept out by the tide.

Her death completed what her life began. It broke forever the spell that fettered Dick Devine. His subsequent life was purified by the tender memory of the gentle woman who gave her last breath in her struggle to save him. A generation ago he was one of the best-known college presidents in the country.